

SOME
ACCOUNT
OF
LUCY CARDWELL,
A
WOMAN OF COLOUR,

Who departed this life on the 25th. of the 3rd
month, 1824—aged 39 years.

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and address herself, but brought up her children in the constant use of both.

In the early part of the illness, which proved to be her last, she became impressed with a belief that she should not recover. She was not, however, considered dangerously ill, until about ten days before her death,—about which time she sent for me.

I found her very weak in body, but strong in mind. She looked at me very expressively, and said, “I wanted to talk with thee, but I fear it is too late.” After laying quiet a little while, she began with expressions of concern about her children. My husband being present, with a view to abate the anxiety of her feelings on their account, told her they would be provided for. She said, “then I believe I have not much more to do. I have looked all over, (meaning I supposed her, past conduct,) and I do not find that there is any thing in my way. Does thee think my ways have been such as to entitle me to a place of rest?” I informed her I knew of nothing that I thought was in her way. She said, “I have tried to serve the Lord from my early years.”

Here a solemn pause ensued, as if she was in deep meditation. Watching her countenance, I observed it was presently animated with such an evidence of joy as I had rarely witnessed—when she said, “Come, Lord!—why should I wish to tarry?”—repeating the words of our Saviour, Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Mat. xi. 28.

At intervals, as her strength would admit, she addressed her husband, and the rest of the family individually, in a feeling and sensible manner, and with matter well suited to their several states.

After which she was engaged in vocal supplication, with a melody of voice, and in language which we could scarcely have supposed was her own.

Her pulse, about this time, was hardly perceptible, and every appearance indicated a speedy dissolution. Whilst these apprehensions prevailed, she said, "I see how the end will be. I have yet much to suffer ; and desire I may be favoured with patience."

This view of her situation, and of her solemn close, was remarkably realized : for she lived about eight days longer—much of which time was passed in a state of delirium. If she had any lucid intervals, they were occupied chiefly in thanksgiving and praise.

At one time, when I was not present, she desired a friend to tell me, if she should not see me any more, that the work was done; and well done. I presently called to see her; when she told me the same—adding, "We are all sisters in Christ." She further said, "I wish thee to keep the faith, and maintain the fight—that thou mayest come where I am going."

In closing this short account, which I have felt a willingness to preserve, for the encouragement, more particularly, of her own colour, I am led to adopt the language of the Apostle Peter: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." Acts x. 24, 25.

Her body was decently interred in Friends' burying ground at Smithfield, the day following her decease.

ELIZABETH LADD.

